

# AGRICULTURE.

**PRICE \$1.50 PER YEAR**

NUMBER 17

NUMBER 17

[illegible]

feathers and washed them in soap  
rinsed them thoroughly in clear wa

[illegible]

his house had been built 26 years,

house had been built twelve years, and  
men built two strips of common pine  
boards were laid from the door to the lan-  
y lay there now, as always flat on the  
ground and sound. Whenever asked who  
preserved them, always answered did  
know, unless it was that they were  
used there in the right time of the moon  
time's up" being announced, the Club  
assembled to meet with Mr. and Mrs. Abner  
in Hamburg township, on Saturday  
14th.

ISAAC TERRY,  
Corresponding Secretary,

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**SHEEP-SHEARING.**

The seventh annual shearing of the Macomb  
County Sheep-Breeders and Wool-Growers  
Association will be held at the Romeo Drive  
Park Barn, Romeo, on Thursday, May 17.  
The values adopted for the shearing  
entry, among other things, that all breed-  
ers of thoroughbred sheep may be entitled to  
a certificate of the owners; that all grade  
owners and members may exhibit as grade  
to all persons who wish to be graded  
some members of the Wool-Growers' Asso-  
ciation of Macomb County; that all persons  
who exhibit thoroughbreds to be shorn are  
entitled to furnish a satisfactory statement  
concerning the number, name of register, ear-  
mark and number, of any growth of blood  
which no fleece is allowed any laps that may  
be shown shorn at any time previous to the  
first.

C. T. PHILLIPS, Sec.

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515

MR. A. W. HAYDON, OF DECATUR, V.  
Buren Co., writes: "On the 15th inst. I f

Chen, a writer, said that the ram had been shearing his breeding ewes and rams among the rest of the ram, Mac, that had earned so heavily for several years. He was born at the Hamilton Festival on April 1944, so that his fleece was of a year's growth. It weighed 41 pounds and was worth \$100.

Mac was noted near Wall Street, owned by Henry Williams, of Vermont, this year had a fleece of 35 lbs. 8 oz., his sixth year. There are quite a number of rams in this State bred by Wall Street.

THE HORACE SKINNER, of Maple Rapids, said: "I have a Shropshire ewe which was bred the 5th of February last dropped three lambs. Their combined weight was 35 lbs. I weighed them again when they were four months old, and they weighed 18 lbs. each, but two pounds difference in weight in the three."



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## Horticultural.

## THE MICHIGAN HEDGE COMPANY.

The Michigan Hedge Company, whose headquarters are now at Kalamazoo, took exception to an answer made by us to an inquiry regarding the orange orange as a hedge plant, and also to a statement of what we believed to be the terms of the contract under which they do business with their patrons. As we always aim to be fair with everybody the company were requested to send one of their contracts so we could see for ourselves just what they promised to do and what was required of the party for whom they contracted to grow a hedge.

One of the contracts was mailed to us, and from it we learn that the conditions and requirements are as follows:

The patron agrees upon his part to properly prepare in good order and season a strip of ground that will provide dry and suitable for the exclusive use of said hedge; and to thoroughly protect and cultivate said hedge and strip of ground, keeping them free from damage, weeds and grass, and to pay the said company 25c per rod at the time of setting said plants, 25c per rod the following year when re-setting is done, 25c per rod the next year when the side trimming is done, and 25c per rod when the plashing is done, which is a process of bending and wiring adopted by the company.

The company agree to furnish orange plants and to set the same during the spring of 1887, to reset the same during the spring of 1888, and to reset or side trim during the spring of 1889, and to bend and wire said hedge according to their patented plans when the hedge attains sufficient size. Also to summer-prune the hedge the summer following, when it is turned over to the owner and the company's responsibility ceases. The guarantee that the company gives of a stock-proof fence is based on the fulfillment of the agreement of the patron. Hence the importance of the patron knowing and complying with his part of the contract after he has signed it. Hedge will not thrive in low, wet land, neither will it succeed under trees, and farmers planting hedges in such places will get no benefit from their investment.

The company say they are anxious to have all who enter into an agreement with them know the conditions and requirements of their contracts, and gave us full liberty to publish them for the benefit of our readers. In the former article we erred in saying the last 25 cents was collected at the end of the fourth year. The contract on this point says: "Twenty-five cents per rod when and in proportion as the said plashing is done." The conclusion of the contract reads as follows: "Upon the second party showing that he has complied with his agreements herein, the first party guarantees that the above hedge will become serviceable after a sufficient growth, for turning horses, cattle, hogs, and other ordinary stock."

The particular point we would call attention to is this last paragraph. The farmer must be able to prove that he has complied with all the terms of the agreement, when the company will guarantee him a hedge which "will become serviceable after a sufficient growth,"—no time stipulated in which this growth is to be made. As to our opinion of the value and practicability of hedges as farm fences we still adhere to what we have before stated. They are too costly, occupy too much ground, require a great amount of labor and care to keep in condition, and consequently are a never-ending source of trouble and annoyance. All fences are more or less so, but a hedge peculiarly so. For ornamental purposes, surrounding small grounds, they are all right, but not for general farm fences.

## VALUE OF PEDIGREE IN FRUITS.

[Paper read by C. Engle, of Paw Paw, before the West Michigan Fruit Growers' Association at South Haven.]

It is with great diffidence that I produce for the public a paper upon this subject about which so little is generally, and I may say positively, known; and yet I am a thorough believer in pedigree for fruits, as much so for horses, cattle, or sheep. Perhaps I could do no better than to give you my experience, that you may judge whether I have just reason for the faith that is within me. Twenty years ago I began planting pits and seeds to raise my own nursery stock. The pits (peaches) were mostly from Crawford's Early peaches. When budding time came I noticed a good many of the seedlings had the general stock growth and peculiar yellowish-green foliage of the Crawford's Early. Some of them, about twenty, I set in the orchard without budding. When they came to bear, every one of them bore fully as fine fruit, for aught I could see, as the budded trees, and some of them I thought a little superior. They did not ripen all at the same season. Some were a week or ten days behind, none ahead, of the same Crawford's Early, but all had the same general character of the parent fruit, large size, high color, and rich, yellow flesh. I was so well pleased with the result that I planted a lot more of the same kind to set in the orchard without budding; also a lot of Hill's Chili and Barnard's Early, and some Concord and Delaware grape seeds. At one year old I set in the orchard 500 of each variety of the seedling peaches. In the next very elegant but expensive variegated of the day, I did not "get left" on a single tree of the Crawford's Early. All were good, and two I thought worthy of a name, and so called them respectively President Lyon and Golden Beauty. The former was about one-fourth larger, higher colored, and in my judgment better in quality than its parent, ripening at the same time; but unfortunately it proved quite tender in the bud. The latter has only this to recommend it above its parent; it sets more buds, nearly double, and they stand more freely.

Among the Barnards there were but few variations—three, I think; and yellow Honey John was one of them. With three exceptions all were true Barnards in appearance. And so with the Hill's Chili. But few and slight variations were noticeable. A lot of Hill's Early plants at the same time proved equally satisfactory. All were as good in quality as the Hale, some of them much better. The greater propor-

tion ripened with the Hale, some a week or two weeks later. They (the fruit) varied more in general contour than any variety I had planted, some being very much elongated, like Hill's Chili, and some very much compressed. But I got no freestone—what I was looking for and am looking for yet.

My next venture was with Crawford's Late pits. These were planted five years ago the past spring and fruited the first time the past season. About one per cent were elongated, and four trees bore oblong peaches like Hill's Chili, with the same narrow, pointed pit and solid, rich, yellow flesh. I think these were fertilized with pollen from Hill's Chili, as the trees from which the pits were taken were partially surrounded by an orchard of that variety. One only was a white peach, which proved to be of superior quality. With three exceptions, all (and there were between five and six hundred trees) were true Crawford's Late, so far as habits of tree and size and general appearance of the fruit were concerned.

Five years ago I first attempted artificial fertilization by using the pollen of Hale on Crawford's Late blossoms. The result was a dozen trees, most of which bore the past summer. Two only showed their breeding and bore white-fleshed peaches like the shape of Crawford's Early, with the same swollen pit, and the other very nearly round, a little compressed. Both were as large as Crawford's Late, ripened a week before Crawford's, and were very good in quality, losing the extreme acidity of the parent on one side and the sometimes insipidity of the parent on the other.

Of the Barnard's, Hill's Chili, and Crawford's Late, no selection was made but all dug and planted as they came up in the nursery rows. I sometimes think it would have been better to have done the same with the Crawford's Early seedlings. The chances of getting something new would have been greater. One of the rejected seedlings was budded to Crawford's Late, which, after bearing several seasons, was broken off. The sprouts which came up were left to stand and bore fruit, ripening six to eight days sooner than Crawford's Early and otherwise in every respect the rival of that famous variety.

So far as these experiments go, I think I can safely say that pedigree does favorably affect progress in securing better varieties. For who would think for a moment that the same number of good peaches would have been produced had the pits been gathered from good, bad, and indifferent varieties?

Of grapes, I first planted seeds of Concord and Delaware. There were fifty of the Concord, none of which proved of any value. The Delawares were so puny I never removed them from the nursery rows. The next planted were seeds of Salem and Goethe. The Goethe plants proved to be weak and puny and so far have borne no fruit. The Salem were strong and robust, almost to a plant, and commenced fruiting at from three to five years old. Quite a per cent were fairly good grapes and some I thought very good. Many were white, some red, and all intermediate shades of color up to black. Some were quite early and some too late to ripen in this climate. But I did not see any ideal grape among them—one with a vine vigorous, hardy, and productive, berry as large as Wilder and as good as Duchess, with clusters weighing one, two, or more pounds each. I may not produce such a grape, but some one will, I fully believe, and at no very distant day. I have a lot of seedling Salamis, Ives, Hartford, and Martha to plant out the coming spring. Also seeds of Salem, Niagara, Ionis, Catawba, and Pocklington; seeds of Fay's and Cherry currents; of Gregg and Cuthbert's raspberries; pits of May Duke cherry, and of so on of the best of the seedling peaches. With the product of some of them I hope to surprise you in the not very distant future.

The question of pollen influences is a vital one in connection with this subject. How long may the pollen be detached from the stamens or anthers, how far carried by the wind or otherwise, and still retain its vitality or fertilizing power? Does the tree or vine, whose seeds have been once impregnated by pollen of an inferior sort, forever after retain a taint of that blood in its system, as is the case in the animal kingdom?

I have no doubt, if we could isolate our trees or vines as we can our live stock, shut them up as it were, and so prevent impregnation from roadside scallwags, we could in time establish certain strains or breeds which would be just as certain to reproduce their kind as our domestic animals, the Normans, Shorthorns, or Merinos. We can do much toward that end by planting only the best varieties and in as large and solid blocks as possible, and keeping all frost seedlings and inferior sorts at great distance as may be. Seeds taken from such plantations would almost invariably produce good fruit, with the chance that is always before the experimenter in this line of producing a superior sort.

## For the Michigan Farmer.

## WALKS AND TALKS IN THE NURSERY.

After a short discourse upon that "always familiar topic, the weather, I said to the proprietor of a widely-known nursery, "Well, Mr. S., what fruits do you consider the best adapted to the soil and climate of Michigan on the basis of your own experience?"

"Well," he answered, "you know as well as I do that trees or bushes vary in growth, hardiness and prolificness, according to soil and locality; but I will answer your question to the best of my ability. Commencing with apples I should say plant largely of Baldwin, Duchess of Oldenburg, Red Astrachan, Tetofsky, Yellow Transparent, Northern Spy, Wealthy, Walbridge or Peawake.

Pears—Kieffer Hybrid, Clapp's Favorite, Duchess d'Angouleme.

Plums—Bradshaw, Weaver, Lombard, Moore's Arctic.

Cherries—Early Richmond, Montmorency, Peaches—Hill's Chili, Wager, Early and Late Crawford and Barnard's Early.

Apricots—Russian.

Quinces—Orange and Champion.

Grapes—White: Empire State, Niagara, Martha and Lady. Red: Woodruff, Verge and Brighton. Black: Concord, Champion, Moore's Early.

Raspberries—Shaffer's Colossal Hybrid and Hansell for red; Gregg, Ohio, and Southern for blackcaps.

Blackberries—Erie, Snyder and Taylor. Dewberries—Lucetta.

Gooseberries—Industry, Smith's Improved, Houghton's Seedling, White Smith and Crown Bob.

Currants—Red: Fay's Prolific, Victoria, La Versailles; and White Grape currant.

JAMES BENTLEY.

Caro, Mich.

## Taking Care of the Apples.

L. B. Pierce, in the *Ohio Farmer*, says: "I think I speak within bounds when I say that fully one-half the grafted apples that grew in Ohio last season went to waste. Part of this was through neglect to gather in time, but much the greater part was caused by the codling moth. Last fall I gathered the apples from a Baldwin tree from which I packed four barrels of fruit, and as I gathered them I laid the apples that showed no trace of codling moth on one side and there were 1½ bushels. The apples were picked in good season (Oct. 9th), yet there were already seven bushels under the tree, mostly immature, and all very wormy. Perhaps some of my readers will think that my apples were exceptionally wormy, but I have some good reasons to believe otherwise. In the first place, the selected sound apples were mostly inferior in size, appearance and beauty to at least as many more that showed worm casts in the calyx. And secondly, my apples were highly praised by the purchasers, who bought 30,000 barrels in my vicinity. In the third place I got an extra price for my summer apples, solely on account of size and beauty, and finally my premiums upon apples came to more than the total sales of winter apples.

"The ravages of the codling moth not only destroy the too large percentage of fruit before picking, but shorten to a considerable degree the period of keeping. Wishing to exhibit apples at Dayton in December, I sorted from about 150 bushels of twelve varieties, as I packed them, about four bushels of perfect apples. A few of these proved to contain worms, as the casts show in the calyx since putting in the cellar, but the percentage of loss up to Feb. 10 does not exceed two apples in a hundred. At the same time it has been a general subject of complaint in the township that apples do not keep well in winter. The rescuing from the worms of one barrel per tree at the low price of 75 cents per barrel, is equal to \$30 per acre, and an addition of one month to the keeping quality of the apples would add as much more in many seasons. The remedy which pretty much annihilates the young larvae just as they begin existence is of course the spraying with Paris green in solution, advocated by all authorities on orchard work.

"In this connection it might be well to refer to a new spraying nozzle that with a pressure of 25 lbs. to the square inch turns the liquid to a veritable mist, being much superior to the famous cyclone nozzle. This nozzle consists of a brass tube three or four inches long closed at the back end excepting a small hole and having in the front end a wire setting. The liquid striking upon this with great force is divided into minute spray that looks exactly like a fog and forms a cloud, with a three-quarter inch pipe, two or three yards in diameter. It was invented in Dayton, and I presume will be put upon the market this spring."

## A Few Words on Currants.

Of all the small fruits there is nothing, I think, that can claim a higher value in the domestic economy than the currant. Though less delicate and appetizing in its fresh state as a dessert fruit than the strawberry or raspberry, on account of its greater acidity, it is this very acidity that gives it value as an appetizer and promoter of health, and when mixed 'half and half' with raspberries, the sweetness of the one tones down the acidity of the other to the requirements of the most delicate organism.

For jellies, jams and canning with raspberries they are growing in favor, and are a toothsome dessert in winter. Although the acidity of the currant varies somewhat in the varieties, the white ones being generally of the mildest type, without this peculiar quality they would lose their most valuable characteristic. It is the absence of this that causes lack of character in our so-called sweet varieties and renders them unpopular. The larger size of the Versailles, Cherry, Angiers, etc., over the Red Dutch, has caused this old favorite to be less in demand than its real merits deserve. But the best success with any of them can only be had by generous treatment. Neglect, over-cropping and starvation are the chief causes of dissatisfaction in currant culture. Liberal treatment and vigorous condition will make a vast improvement in the Red Dutch. The new Fay's Prolific, which is a marvel in size and productiveness while young and vigorous, will, no doubt, decline and prove disappointing under neglect. The true secret of satisfactory success in currant culture is in securing vigorous growth by generous treatment. The currant worm, now so generally prevalent, must be taken in hand early, and powdered white hellebore is the only effectual remedy I have tried. Two or three applications are sufficient, either dry or with water. Be watchful and vigilant if you would succeed.—*American Garden.*

## How to Grow Strawberries.

In the last annual report of the New Jersey State Horticultural Society appears a paper on how to grow strawberries, by Mr. John Wilcox, of Vineland, N. J., which is here reproduced in part as it contains timely matter:

Select land which is either naturally or artificially drained. If it is not already sufficiently fertile to produce fifty bushels of shelled corn to the acre make it so by the addition of the proper fertilizers to bring it up to that standard. Plow the land as soon as it is admissible in the spring, and harrow down perfectly level. Select healthy, strong plants of the varieties best suited to the demands of your market and the particular locality in which you live. Draw a line across the field and with a garden trowel set the plants under it and spread the roots so as to bring them to the near the natural position in which they are found to grow as possible. Plant them one foot apart in the rows and four feet between the rows, and plant early in the spring. Cultivate early and often, keeping the ground

entirely free from weeds. Do not allow plants to set beyond the limit of six inches in width in the rows. Preserve the balance of the four feet for the thorough pulverizing and cultivation of the soil.

Cover the plants thinly, late in autumn, with coarse litter of almost any description, the most easily obtained where you live. Allow the mulching to remain on the row during the fruiting season in order to protect the fruit from having the sand beaten upon it during heavy rains. But do not neglect to cultivate the vacant spaces between the rows as thoroughly the second season as you do the first. Allow the plants to spread to about nine inches in width the second year. Treat them otherwise precisely the same as during the first season, but in autumn give the rows a liberal dressing of fine stable manure; and as soon as the second crop is harvested plow the plants under, preparatory for some other crop the next season.

There is perhaps no practice so fatal to successful strawberry-growing as the one almost universally adopted of allowing the ground to remain uncultivated until after the fruit is gathered. This is done to avoid the sanding of the fruit, but it must be borne in mind that under this practice, with the droughts which occur two years in five, during the ripening of the fruit, the crop is practically lost where otherwise, by the retention of moisture in the soil, through the thorough system of pulverizing and cultivation, a full crop of the best fruit could have been obtained. In connection with this we observe the most important fact of all, that during the prevailing droughts the short crop causes the market to rule high, so that under this system of thorough cultivation we are doubly rewarded for the extra labor expended in the production of a full crop of first-class fruit.

## The Decay of Trees.

Many trees, under certain conditions, says a Canadian authority, rot easily, while under other conditions they are almost imperishable. Basswood was early considered a poor wood for fencing, as it rotted so easily. Observation showed that with the bark on it soon rotted, but without the bark it remained sound. The same thing is true of elm, but in a lesser degree. Beech rots very easily if exposed to the elements, but under shelter remains sound. If covered by water it will remain sound for a long time. Oak, if exposed to the weather, loses its sap-wood, but the old wood remains sound for many years. I believe all young timber should either be put in water immediately after it is cut, or put under shelter, as the young wood begins to rot very quickly if it is alternately wetted and dried.

It follows, then, that deterioration takes place to a far greater extent than we imagine by letting young trees lie out in all weathers with their bark on, as they cannot resist wet without having been first dried. In my opinion all wood should be either put into water immediately after being cut, or at least when Spring comes, as it is absolutely necessary that all timber should be water-soaked before any attempt is made to dry it. It is a well-established fact that boards dry much quicker if the logs have previously lain in water. Another fact worthy of record is that water-soaked lumber is never attacked by insects, and hence planks treated in this way can stand for many years without injury.—*Lumberman and Manufacturer.*

## Horticultural Notes.

The New York Legislature has passed a law relative to the yellows in peach trees, somewhat similar in purport to that existing in Michigan.

A New York horticulturist finds his quince orchard more profitable, if on good soil and well managed, than wheat at eighty cents per bushel. Yet the market can be easily glutted.

A Connecticut farmer raised 30 acres of onions last year, securing a crop of 4,000 bushels. As the onion crop is rather short this season, he anticipates the crop, which he stored, will bring him \$12,000 at least.

Crosses for grafting are usually shoots of the preceding year's growth. They are cut in autumn, after the fall of the leaf, or in winter, and preserved in a dormant state till wanted. They should not be cut in very cold weather. They are better if cut a few weeks before using.

PROF. BUDD reminds fruit-growers that we have fine varieties of the plum, cherry and some other fruits which prove nearly barren unless standing near to or intermingled with other varieties of the same species. Nature, as a rule, provides against self-fertilization and favors cross fertilization.

SUMMER pruning is desirable because the wound heals rapidly, and is not followed by an excessive growth of water sprouts. The objection to summer pruning is the supposed shock to the tree by cutting away boughs in the growing season. The objection is mostly avoided by annual pruning and a little attention to water sprouts.

PROF. COOK, of Lansing, says he has found one-third of a pound of Paris green sufficient for a acre of a pound of water, for use for spraying apple trees. The solution should not be used stronger than is absolutely necessary, because too much burns the tender foliage. Apply while the calyx end of the fruit is still upstanding, as at that time the poison is most effective.

W. F. BROWN, in the *N. Y. Tribune*, says it is as easy to raise a supply of strawberries for the farmers' table as potatoes for the same purpose. The mistakes of the novice are in taking plants for setting from an old, worn-out bed, or buying from agents at exorbitant prices. He advises the matted root system, and plow up the bed rather than try to make it bear a second crop.

To get Lima beans early, a New York man recommends starting them on sods with bottom heat in a cheap hot-bed. He lays sods four inches wide by three thick, on strips of board and when thus laid, out in squares, and plants four beans, eyes down, in each piece. By doing this the middle of May, the vines will be ready to transplant by the 10th of June, which is done by planting the sods, which have been well watered. The growth

of the vines will not be checked in the slightest.

SINCE it has been discovered that Paris green is so valuable as an insecticide, it has been adulterated to such an extent that in some cases the quantity prescribed as effective had no appreciable effect upon the trees. The Canadian farmers will ask the government to add Paris green and hellebore to the list of articles included under the Adulterations Act, to ensure a greater degree of purity.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Ohio Farmer* says: I have three Belleflower trees that I have taken good care of for the last forty years, and never bore one-half bushel of apples to the tree in all that time, although well pruned and cared for. I thought I would try the experiment of girdling them. The trees stood near each other. Two of them I girdled, cutting through the bark with a saw when the trees were in bloom. The third I girdled one of the branches about three inches in diameter, doing nothing with the body. The two girdled trees had a fair crop of apples, but the third bore no apples except on the limb that was girdled.

The *American Agriculturist* recommends the following treatment for young trees which have been girdled by mice or rabbits. Make a mixture of stiff clay and cow manure, beating well to form a stiff plaster, adding water, if needed. A thick, ample coating of this is placed over the wound, completely covering it, and is wrapped around with old bagging or other coarse fabric. The chief object of this is to keep the whole moist while nature heals the wound. In a dry time it is well to wet the bandages. The head of the tree should be reduced by cutting back some of the branches. If the wound is very severe, it is sometimes bridged over by the use of large clamps, one end inserted under the bark below and the other end above the wound. Unless a tree is large and especially valuable, it will rarely pay to be at this trouble. Better replace the injured tree by another of the same size and age.

Every day adds to the great amount of evidence as to the curative powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled for general debility, and as a blood purifier, expelling every trace of scrofula or other impurity. Now is the time to take it. Sold by all druggists.

## Apianian.

## Robber Bees and Odors.

A correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* relates a very interesting experiment made in his apiary, in which, from the proximity and similarity of hives, his inexperienced ways of working brought on robbing, which he managed as follows:

"I investigated until at last I reached the conclusion that the sense of smell was their chief, if not their only dependence. Any observant bee-keeper has found many evidences that this early conclusion was sound. (I should like to ask here whether there is any honey-producing blossom that is destitute of odor? And by the way, one of the best plans for introducing queens is to give the strange queen and the swarm the same odor. And so in all processes requiring the union of bees from different swarms.)

"But to return to our robbers. The guards are on duty at the entrance of the hive. The robber lands on the lightning board. He either steals in unobserved, or is challenged. If he has been in the hive often enough to have acquired the right odor, he is admitted as a friend. If the scent is not clear, he is doubted, and there is hesitation. If he brings a brand new and strange odor, he is 'bounced,' and a fight begins that generally ends in the death of bouncer or bounced.

"This suggested the remedy. I took some musk, wrapped it loosely in muslin and covered the package with wire netting, for fear the bees might eat it and get poisoned, or tear it to pieces and carry it out of the hive. This little package, about one inch long and one-half inch in diameter, I dropped in the midst of the combs of the robbed hive.

"The next step was to get a contracting and strong odor for the robber hive. I selected essence of peppermint, diluted an ounce of it with a pint of milk-warm water, borrowed my wife's indoor plant sprinkler, uncovered the robbing hives, and gave them a dash of their perfumery.

"It isn't easy to laugh alone, but I did laugh out loud and loud when I saw the result. The musk guards waited in alert expectancy. A peppermint robber began to buzz around, but the musk fellow detected his presence and followed every motion of the peppermint adversary, by turning his belligerent front, when the robber was at least 12 inches distant. And when he would venture within two or three inches of the vigilant musk, the guard would fairly leap at him and catch him 'on the wing.' There was no room for fight and no killing. The alien peppermint robber would flee with the cowardice of his profession.

"It is no exaggeration to say that within five minutes the whole thing was stopped, and for good. The remedy is effective, and can be applied with little trouble, and not more than two minutes of time."

PROF. COOK finds that his bees consume the least honey, during the period of inactivity, when the cellar where they are kept is at a temperature of about 45 degrees.

GEORGE HILTON, President of the Michigan State Association, regards as the first and most important factor in the production of comb honey, a full hive of bees at the commencement of the honey flow. This depends upon spring management.

At a meeting of the Physiological Society of Berlin, it was stated that when the bee has filled the cell either with pure honey or a mixture of pollen-dough and honey, and has completed the lid, a drop of formic acid obtained from the poison bag connected with the sting is added to the honey by perforating the lid with the sting. Numerous experiments have shown that this formic acid preserves honey and every other solution from fermentation.

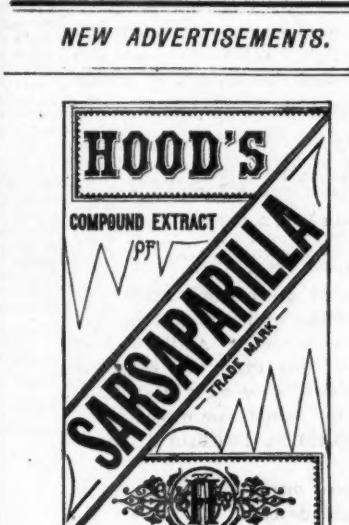
At a late meeting of a bee-keepers' association of West Virginia, J. A. Buchanan gave the idea of the best location for an apiary. "From my experience I would prefer a location well upon the sunny side of a hill, as the higher altitude gives a more even temperature. Cold air, being heavier than warm air, sinks to the valleys where

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



there is apt to be a greater degree of dampness. I have an apiary in a valley, and on a hill; in the spring of the year when bees are weak and need the most favorable condition to enable them to keep the greatest possible amount of brood warm, it is then that I find my hill apiary rapidly outstripping the bees in the valley. If bee-keeping alone was the only object in view in selecting a site, I would only locate in such places as would show by the flora of the surrounding fields to be specially adapted to the producing of honey. It might be well to look a little after the markets of the place. I should want to have my honey produced within easy marketable distance of several towns and villages, with not much opposition.

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



The importance of purifying the blood, cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health. At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and we ask you to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. The peculiar combination, proportion, and preparation of the vegetable remedies used give to Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar curative powers. No other medicine has such a record of wonderful cures. If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to take any other instead. It is a Sarsaparilla Medicine, and is worthy your confidence. Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## 100 Doses One Dollar

BEES! If you are in any way interested in bees send your address and receive free price list of everything needed in their management. Also a clover seed cheap. M. H. HUNTER, Bell Branch, Wayne Co., Mich. f14eow4t

## Ovid Bee-Hive Factory

To Bee-keepers and Fruit Dealers: A large stock of Berry Box & Bee hives, Sections and Apiary supplies. Send for price list.

W. F. BEACH, Ovid, Mich.

## FARM FOR SALE.

A fine farm of 245 acres located one and one-half miles from the growing manufacturing city of Owosso, one of the best markets for farm products in Central Michigan. This farm has good buildings, a fine orchard, and is in a first class state of cultivation. Forty acres of growing wheat. Will divide into 160 and an 80 acre farm if wanted. For price and terms address M. H. HUNTER, Bell Branch, Wayne Co., Mich. f14eow4t

## ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE

100 ACRES GOOD LAND comprising one of the best farms in Isabella County; 70 acres under cultivation, balance in timber; good buildings, good fruit orchard; 30 rods of the best of locations. School house with 30 rods; large frame barn; four miles from Mt. Pleasant, on a good road and in a live neighborhood. School kept nine months in the year. Plenty of pure water. A very desirable home, and it must be sold. There are 24 acres of land on the ground. Possession can be had any time. Write to or come and see H. S. WHEELER, Administrator, Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

## SMALL FRUIT PLANTS.

Blackberries, Currants, Gooseberries, Grapes, Raspberries and Strawberries. The cream of the old and the new; sound, healthy plants, carefully trimmed; bundled and packed in the best manner. No substitutions except upon permission. Send for price list m14-8t. T. LYON, South Haven, Mich.

## Over 6,000,000 PEOPLE USE FERRY'S SEEDS

D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the LARGEST SEEDSMEN in the world. For 1887 they will mail FREE to all customers a list of all the seeds they have on hand, and a list of all the seeds they have on hand, and a list of all the seeds they have on hand. D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the LARGEST SEEDSMEN in the world. For 1887 they will mail FREE to all customers a list of all the seeds they have on hand, and a list of all the seeds they have on hand, and a list of all the seeds they have on hand. D. M. FERRY & CO. are admitted to be the LARGEST SEEDSMEN in the world. For 1887 they will mail FREE to all customers a list of all the seeds they have on hand, and a list of all the seeds they have on hand, and a list of all the seeds they have on hand.

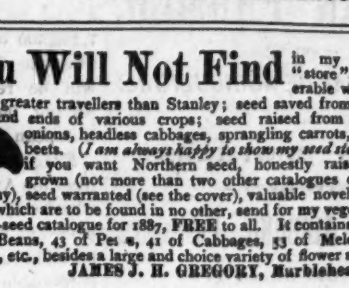
## ONIONS ON MUCK SOIL

On receipt of 50c I will send paid my book giving full directions for growing onions on swampy, fitting them for onions, quantity and kinds of seeds to sow, implements to use, tilling, harvesting, housing, and selling the crop. Also a formula for a home-made fertilizer that costs only \$5 per acre. Send postal note. Address C. C. TAYLOR, Grand, Mich. f14eow4t

## VEGETABLES, FLOWERS,

Tobacco Bed Plants, Grapes, ETC. Patent Protecting Cloth equal to glass each at tenth cost on cold frames, hot beds, etc. Protects hardy, rapid growth, don't shrink or decay rapidly. Details at 5c and 10c. per yard 30 inch wide. Cheap waterproof cover for wagon hay racks, stacks and all agricultural purposes. Circulars and samples free. U. S. WATERPROOF FIBRE CO. (Limited), 26 South St., N. Y. Mention this paper. f14eow4t

## NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.



and greater travelers than Stanley; used saved from the odds and ends of various crops; seed raised from suitable onions, headless cabbages, sprouting carrots, or refuse heads. (I am always ready to show you a sack of seed.) If you want Northern seed, honestly raised, home grown (not more than two other catalogues contain as seed warranted (see the cover), valuable novelties, some of which are to be found in no other, send for my vegetable and flower-seed catalogue for 1887, FREE to all. It contains 60 varieties of Beans, 40 of Peas, 40 of Cabbages, 10 of Melons, 40 of Corn, etc., etc. JAMES J. H. GREGORY, Marshfield, Mass.

Morton Manufacturing Co., ROMEO, MICHIGAN.

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

Morton's Reversible and Horse Power, Monarch Feed-Cutter, and the Monarch Adjustable Swing Saw-Mill.

which, with the Feed-Grinder which we sell, comprises the best set of machinery in the market for the general farmer. The Power is made in a variety of sizes, from 10 to 20 horse power, and is adapted to all elevations and can be adjusted to run on power fast or slow. The Feed-Cutter is made with an adjustable steel throat, which gives four different cutting capacities, and has the capacity to cut one ton per hour. The Grinder attached to our Power will grind from 10 to 15 bushels per hour with two men. For references we direct you to John F. Hagerman, Romeo; Hon. A. B. Maynard, Romeo; Eugene Smith, St. Clair; Hon. H. H. Hatch, Bay City; Hon. Wm. L. Webster, East Saginaw; G. N. Merrill, Lapeer; S. L. Rott, South Edmore, N. Y.

We also make a power especially adapted to Grain Elevators and other stationary purposes, which will elevate five bushels per minute, fifty feet high, with one horse and medium elevation. For this purpose we refer you to Miller & Alsworth, Swartz Creek; H. J. Bush, Galesburg; Station; James Johnson, Cassopolis; John Gardner, Orono; and correspondents. For further particulars and illustrated circulars, address as above. Mention this paper. f14eow4t

## IMPROVED FARM FARM LANDS FOR SALE.

Small Cash Payments, Balance on Long Time IN THE STATES OF Michigan, Ohio and Indiana. For Description and Terms address O. R. LOOKER, DETROIT, MICH.

## Wanted

Wanted to blow down the tower and other buildings. Windmills have double the power of any other mill in existence. Mrs. of Tanks and Windmill supplies of every kind. The Celebrated Challenge Feed Grinders, Horse Powers, Corn Shellers, Pumps and Brass Cylinders. Send for Catalogue and Prices. GOOD AGENTS WANTED. Always Buy the Pump. Guaranteed or Money Back. Challenge Wind Mill & Feed Mill Co., Batavia, Kane Co., Ill. m-a-m-j-e-o

## MOSHER'S

Hand Seed Drills, Wheel Hoes, etc., Combined. My first order for 1887 was 50, my second was for 12 from a farmer who writes that he thinks he can sell 50 or 100 this year. He sold them for five years. Write for terms to E. MOSHER, Holly, Mich. f14-13t

## UNION NURSERIES

Kalamazoo, Mich. ESTABLISHED 1857. Our stock is excellent and embraces all leading hardy varieties of Fruit and Ornamental trees, Shrubs, Small Fruit Plants, etc., etc. We give special attention to individual orders and will be pleased to correspond with those preferring to buy direct from headquarters. Our facilities for packing dealers' orders are excellent. To nurserymen we offer the best Tree Digging on earth—the "Common Sense." Also breeders of Clydesdale Horses. Address: L



## MICHIGAN FARMER

STATE JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE

GIBBONS BROTHERS

JOHNSTON &amp; GIBBONS, Publishers

DETROIT, MICH.

No. 17 Third Street, Wm. A. C.

DETROIT, MONDAY, APRIL 25, 1887.

This Paper is Entered at the Detroit Post Office as second class matter.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

A 30,000 "Champion" Edition.

On Monday, May 9th, we shall issue an extra edition of the FARMER of not less than 30,000 copies.

Thirty Thousand Copies.

for the Weider, Bushnell &amp; Giesner Co.,

Manufacturers of the famous CHAMPION

MOWERS, SELF-BINDERS AND REAPERS.

We can take a few advertisements for the issue of this date. Price 20 cents per line for 4th and 5th pages, and 20 cents on inside. This extra edition will be mailed to subscribers of the paper. Orders for advertising must reach us not later than Friday noon May 6th, no second issue.

FOR SALE

The receipts of wheat in this market

the past week amounted to 51,700 bu., against

62,496 bu. the previous week and 25,819

bu. for corresponding week in 1886. Ship-

ments for the week were 1,760,508 bu. against

1,353,361 bu. the previous week, and 1,027,474

bu. the corresponding week in 1886. The stocks

of wheat now held in this city amount to 71,

655,376 bu., against 741,529 bu. last week

and 1,008,390 bu. the corresponding date in

1886. The receipts of corn in this market

the past week were 43,760 bu., against 13,959

bu. the previous week, and 51,542 bu. for the

corresponding week in 1886. Shipments for the

week were 84,002 bu. against 14,550 bu. the

previous week, and 40,105 bu. for the

corresponding week in 1886. The visible

supply of corn in the country on April 17

amounted to 30,023,093 bu. against 29,130,973

bu. the previous week, and 15,235,036 bu. at

the same date last year. The visible supply of

wheat shows a decrease during the week ending

April 17, 1887, of 10,853 bu. The exports for

the week were 1,760,508 bu. against 1,353,361

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## DAIRY PRODUCTS.

The market for milk and cream

is quiet and steady. The receipts of

milk in this market the past week were

1,760,508 bu. against 1,353,361 bu. the

previous week, and 1,027,474 bu. for the

corresponding week in 1886. The receipts of

cream in this market the past week were

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## BUTTER.

The market for butter

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## Wool.

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## ESTIMATED WOOL CLIP OF THE COUNTRY FOR 1887.

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# PERCHERONS.

## Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne Co. Mich. Savage & Farnum, Props.

### IMPORTED & PURE-BRED PERCHERON HORSES

All stock selected from the best of sires and dams of established reputation and registered in the French and American Stud Books. New Importations constantly arriving. We have one of the largest studs in the country to select from, including all ages, weights and colors of both stallions and mares. Send for our Large Illustrated Cloth Bound Catalogue which will be sent free by mail. We have some fine high-grade stallions and brood mares. Address: SAVAGE & FARNUM, Detroit, Mich.

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Anchorite, the First Prize Stallion of his Class at the Exhibition. Marie Antoinette, Awarded the Gold Medal of France for Best Percheron Mare.

FORD STARRING, Detroit, Mich. JERSEYS.

GENERAL WOOLLEY, AT THE HEAD OF THE HERD.

FORD STARRING, Room 3, Merrill Block, Detroit, Mich.

### CHAMPION GOLD MEDAL STUD.

250 CLEVELAND BAYS AND ENGLISH SHIRES, 250

250 HOLSTEIN-FRIESIANS

GEO. E. BROWN & CO., Aurora, Kane County, Illinois.

### Merrill & Farnum, Bay City, Mich.

### HEREFORD CATTLE!

The Michigan Herd of Prize Winners.

Choice Young Stock For Sale at Reasonable Prices. Write for Particulars.

### White Plymouth Rocks

W. L. & O. BARNES.

### Holstein Cattle.

W. L. & O. BARNES.

### LAKE VIEW STOCK FARM.

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W. L. & O. BARNES.

### ISLAND HOME Stock Farm.

GROSSE ISLE, Wayne Co. Mich.

### Flam View Stock Farm.

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### HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN BULLS!

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### MICHIGAN BREEDERS

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## Poetry.

## THE PRAYER.

BY WILL CARLETON.

"Was a night of dread in Charleston, and the air was thick with fear:  
Never yet had such a terror dropped its raven mantle here;  
Never yet had deathly sorrow had so strange and sudden birth  
As upon the visitation of this tempest of the earth.

For the startled ground was surging as the waves of stormy seas,  
And the bellies of the churches fell like stricken forest trees,  
And the walls that long had lorded over seen and unseen folk  
Covered thick with costly ruins this tornado torn below.

There were some who prayed God's presence who to God had long been near;  
There were some for help entreating with repentance made of fear;  
There were some who raved in madness through the long and murderous night;  
There were corpses calmly waiting for a mournful tearful sight.

And that dark night whose religion has a superstitious trend,  
And whose superstition clambers toward an everlasting friend,  
They were shouting in their frenzy, or in terror meekly dumb,  
For they thought the opening signal of the Judgment day had come.

But there amidst rose among them one of earth's untutored kings,  
One of those unlooked-for leaders whom an hour of danger brings,  
And he prayed—as souls are apt to, fall of sympathy and love—  
Partly to the souls around him, partly to the God above.

And he said: "I guess it's come, Lawd—dis yer day dat's staid so long—  
For de symptoms all aroun' here dey be mo' tremendous strong;  
But we ain't got ready yet, Lawd, neber min' how well prepared;  
We feel safe in Thy good mercy, but we're ober-lax in our fear."

"For you see we're mo'ly human when de grave comes re'll'y nigh,  
An' de spirit wants its freedom, but de flesh it hates to die!  
We've been teasin' you for hebban all de summer long, I know;  
But we ain't in half de hurry dat we was awhile ago."

"When we come to look it over in de light ob pain an' fear,  
Dere is holes in all our armor dat at first view didn't appear;  
An' we'd like to patch 'em over, if it's all de same to you;  
Put it off a year, for certain—or perhaps You'd make it two!"

"Then we've got some poor relations who may nobel see Thy face  
If dey do not earn de riches ob de destr-yin' grace;  
Lawd, protect dem wid Thy patience, jus' de same like us before,  
An' keep diggin' round dese fig-trees for annuder year or more!"

"Let 'em off a little longer! In de light ob dis event  
Dey may recognize de season as a fine one to repent!  
Dey will like Ye when dey know Ye, an' beg to enter in,  
An' dere's some dat's awful good, Lawd, ef it wasn't for deir sin!"

"Dis yer world has lots of fine folks, who is anxious, I'm afraid,  
For to pick a little longer 'fore dey have deir baskets weighed;  
An' dere'd be a large majority who would vote, it must be owned,  
For to hab de world's big fun'ral everlastin'ly postponed!"

"An' You know, O good deah Fathah, dat Your time is all home-made,  
An' a thousan' years is nothin' in Your golden steel-yards weighed;  
Keep de same ob footstool use, Lawd; hol' it steady, I implore!  
It'll maybe suit You better if you use it jes once more!"

"But ob co'se our weak-eyed wisdom's like a rain-drop in de sea,  
An' we ain't got any business to be mendin' plans for Thee;  
If it's time to leave dese quarters an' go some-where else to board,  
Make de journey jes as easy as Your justice can afford!"

"An' we know You hab a fondness for de average human soul,  
So we'll hab consid'ble courage at de callin' ob de roll;  
You're our suth' 'nuff livin' Fathah—You're our fathers' God and frien—  
To de Lawd be praise an' glory, now an' evermore! Amen!"

"'Twas a day of peace in Charleston, after many days of dread;  
And the shelterless were sheltered, and the hungry had been fed;  
And the death-invasion city through its misery now could grope,  
And look forward to a future fringed with happiness and hope.

And those faithful dusky Christians will maintain for evermore  
That the fervent prayers they offered drove destruction from their shore;  
And how much faith moves a mountain, or commands a rock to stay,  
Is unknown to earthly ignorance, and for only God to say.  
—Harper's Bazar.

## Miscellaneous.

## A BIT OF SENTIMENT.

"Papa, I want your advice, not on a question of law, however, and I want you in here."

"But I suppose the subject is one of equal weight and importance, else my self-willed little girl could decide it for herself," Judge Mason returned, laughing, as he arose from his papers and passed into his daughter's sitting-room.

"I want you to unravel the Gordian knot."

"A difficult thing to do, as you have probably discovered, Nell; but perhaps I can cut it."

He smiled down on the pretty little figure standing between two open boxes, from each of which there came a faint, half-defined perfume.

"Here," Nellie said, diving into one of her pockets, and drawing out a sheet of transparent, scented paper, "is Aunt Belle's letter."

"My dear Nellie—I send you two dresses—each of them equally beautiful and expensive. The 'airy nothing' in the blue box has been deemed worthy by its great creator of distinct characterization, and has therefore given it a name; he has christened it *Le Rêve du Bal*. The one in the white box has not been blessed in a name, but is 'like a poet's dream—exceedingly

beautiful,' nevertheless. Trusting you will be pleased with them, and gain scores where now you count tens of devoted swains, is the wish of the donor. Your loving aunt, ISABEL DE COUCELLES."

"N. B.—I forgot to mention that Allan Graham returns home in the same steamer with your dresses. He is *un parti pris*, none of your detrimentals, so if I take occasion to hint gently my hope of his returning Parisward one of these days with a voluminous amount of my lovely niece's old clo', and the darling owner thrown in, you will not take it amiss. Seriously, my dear, he is worthy of any woman's love and admiration, unspooled by his money, and by that yet more potent factor in the demoralization of a young man of wealth, the adulation of silly women; and I have quite set my hopes upon his falling in love with you, and your returning the compliment. He will, of course, attend Mrs. Hilgard's ball, and you must look your loveliest, etc., etc."

"All of which nonsense is not pertinent to the present subject, therefore we'll omit it," Nellie said, laughing, blushing, and showing her dimples more lavishly than usual, as she dropped the letter into the pocket of her *Suisse* apron before proceeding to unearth her treasures.

"Now papa, shade your eyes! Don't let all the glory of a *Parce* dress burst upon you with all its bewildering splendor at once, else I'm afraid you will be so dazzled you'll not be able to decide this most important case."

She burrowed into the white box, and drew from it a miracle of pale satin, lace, and flowers.

"This *Parce*, is the nameless one," throwing the rich dress over the high backed chair that he might the better view its beauties; "and this," drawing from the blue box a cloud of mist, and with it a subtle and delicious perfume, "is *Le Rêve du Bal*!"

She handed it to Cassy, her colored maid, who gazed at it in speechless ecstasy, and held it aloft for their admiration as gingerly as if it were "the stuff that dreams are made of."

"It's hard to tell, Nellie. Your aunt says they are equally handsome and costly, and so they are; and I know you'll be equally distracting in either you decide on, what are the odds in favor of one or the other?"

"Oh, papa, that's no decision at all. I really want you to choose for me."

"How happy could I be with either, were 'either dear charmer away!' Well, suppose you try them on, and let me see in which you look the sweetest."

"Try them both on! Oh, papa, I couldn't do that."

"I don't mean both at the same time, Nell; that would only make matters more perplexing than at present."

"Of course you don't, you dear, darling, stupid old thing. But have you the least idea, you ignorant papa, of what a labor it is to put on two ball-dresses in succession?"

"A labor! Why, I thought it was the delight of a girl's life to put on new dresses and fineries."

"Then your thoughts were very far astray," and Nellie laughed at her father's puzzled face as she led him nearer the dresses to point out their respective merits.

"I really can't give an opinion until I see you in them."

He drew out the little gold watch reposing within the belt that encircled her rounded waist, and looked at the hour.

"It isn't three o'clock yet, and you will have plenty of time; so run away and try on your dresses, then come into the library and I'll—"

"Give an opinion as is an opinion," Nellie interrupted gayly, and calling to Cassy to follow with the dresses, ran lightly out of the room to don them.

In a short time, a very short time to have achieved so brilliant a transformation, she came sweeping into the library. Her father dropped his law papers and gazed at the pretty daughter with delighted appreciation as she stood before him in all the glory of the gay apparel.

She threw the creamy satin train with its frost-like lace and glowing flower petals into a more graceful sweep, and smilingly assumed a dramatic pose to await his certain approval.

"Well, really, Nellie, I believe there is no necessity to try on the other gown, for you and your dress seem to suit each other perfectly, and I can see no reason for a divorce. However, try on the 'airy' something and let us see."

Nellie gathered the skirt of her rich dress in her little hands, and went off, as happy as a queen is popularly supposed to be, to try the effect of the other; and in a few moments floated into the library, looking more like a dozen of fairyland lost amid the heavy books and dry-as-dust papers than a mere earthly damsel, who ate her daily bread and butter for existence.

"Now, Paris, decide! Which is the fairer?"

She stood before him like a personified sunbeam. Her golden hair was rolled off the fair face in gleaming waves that fell below her waist, enhancing, but in no wise concealing, the beauty of her white shoulders. Her father glanced at the charming vision for an instant, then said, much to her surprise:

"I unhesitatingly decide in favor of the first dress."

"Why, papa! I think this one is ever so much prettier than the other."

"So do I. But I prefer the other, nevertheless."

Nellie looked at her father with wondering eyes.

"I rather think your aunt gave it the right name when she called it an 'airy nothing,' for it certainly comes as near to being nothing as a dress possibly can."

Nellie's face showed the disappointment she could not conceal.

"I thought, papa, you would be sure to admire this dress."

"And so I do, my dear; the beauty of your dress calls for my warmest and most unqualified admiration."

As well it might; for if the spiders had woven a robe of mist and moonlight and given it into the hands of fairies to enrich with frost-work and June roses, it could not have been more beautiful than the dress of lace and rose buds that floated about his daughter like a cloud.

"I have but one fault to find with it—there is too little of it."

He pointed to the scrap of lace, with a single rose entangled in its masses, that rested low on each white shoulder as an apology for a sleeve.

"Is that your only objection? That's nothing."

"So I have intimated."

"Oh, I don't mean that! You know what

I mean; that every one wears a sleeveless and *decotee* corsage to evening receptions and balls."

"If every one—which, with due deference to your superior knowledge, I am inclined to doubt—does wear a dress that is neither womanly nor modest, that is no reason you should, my daughter."

"But, papa, this dress is far more beautiful than the other. Don't you think so?"

"Your dress is incomparably lovely, and as becoming as it could possibly be; but if I were you, I wouldn't wear it."

"Remember, dear, I don't want to restrict you in your choice; you must decide as your taste dictates; but if I had a son I wouldn't want any girl to dance with him in such a dress as you have on."

Nellie colored vividly, but answered petulantly.

"Oh, papa—if you will pardon my saying so—that's all old fogey nonsense."

"Perhaps so; but you will pardon me, my dear; I think an old man of sixty might be a better authority on such a subject than a young lady of nineteen. Now tell me honestly, Nellie, do you think that is a dress for a woman to wear?"

"Of course; else I wouldn't wear it. A girl is expected to wear a low dress to a ball."

"That's the very place she shouldn't wear it, in my opinion. If a gentleman should call on you in the afternoon, and he sit at one end of your reception room and you at the other, would you feel at ease in a *decotee* dress?"

"Surely not; that makes all the difference in the world."

"What makes all the difference in the world?"

"Oh, papa, you lawyers are so in the habit of asking people foolish and disagreeable questions down in your hateful old court-rooms, that you don't know how to do anything else."

"But that isn't answering my foolish question."

"Well, custom makes the difference. It is not the fashion for a girl to receive morning callers in a low-cut dress."

"Isn't it proper?"

"Certainly not."

"Then it certainly is not proper for her to place herself in a young man's arms to be whirled around a ball-room in such a dress. I don't object to round dances; I enjoyed a waltz in my young days as much as any one, and, thanks to a good mother and my own self-respect, regarded it as both an honor and a pleasure for a young lady to dance one with me, but in view of the comments I have heard from the lips of some of the young men of this progressive age, I will endeavor to show my daughter how unbecoming it would be to dance them with the casual young men one meets in a ball-room, garbed in such a dress as she now has on."

"But, papa, you can't think how hard it would be for a girl to give up this lovely, lovely dress."

"I don't ask you to give it up. I only give my opinion of it. I would not want my son to marry a girl who would wear it."

"Don't you wish I was your son, instead of a heird, vain, weak-minded girl, papa?" and Nellie's eyes began to get misty with unshed tears.

"No, my dear; I only wish my girl could better understand the effect such a dress has on the minds and tongues of the young men she meets in society."

"Why, what harm can my poor dress do them?"

"Perhaps more than you will ever know, Nellie," her father answered gravely.

"Now, think it over between now and to-night, and make up your mind not to wear it."

Her father returned to his papers, and Nellie went slowly and sorrowfully from the room to discard the lovely dress which had found so little favor in his eyes.

She could not quite decide whether or not to wear it, and tried to forget her father's old fogey notions in the charms of the "Eve of St. Agnes." But she could not forget them. Her father's commonplace words obtruded themselves between the poet's exquisite lines, and would be remembered.

She closed the book pettishly and tossed it impatiently aside.

"It's no use thinking of it; I won't go in the high-necked dress. I can't think why Aunt Belle sent it. I know that horrid Alice Tillman will be there, and there's no denying, if I do hate her, that she has the most beautiful arms in the world, and she will give her an awful advantage over me if I wear the high dress. I know papa will not be pleased, but then—well, I can't say papa is silly, but he certainly is odd."

Nellie, having made up her mind thus wisely and well, leaned her pretty head back on her cushions to enjoy a little anticipatory day-dreaming of the coming glories and triumphs of the night. But in spite of memories of her lovely dress and anticipations of glorious possibilities in the way of admirers on the one hand, and envious rivals on the other, she could not decide upon wearing it.

"I don't want to go against papa's wishes, but then, too, I hate to go in the high dress. I wish I was a man, and then I wouldn't be bothered about the old thing; for no matter what fashions come in for men, they never have to wear low-necked clothes, and my! what a comfort it must be to them, for they don't care whether they are bony or scraggy or plump or anything. Well, I may as well fight it out and be done with it." And Nellie gave herself up to the unenvied labor of thinking seriously for one bad quarter of an hour.

The battle that raged in her heart was a bitter one; and at its termination she burst into a sudden storm of tears over her disastrous victory, for though filial respect and maidenly delicacy had apparently won the day, Nellie felt it was in reality a victory of the vanquished, and that disappointed vanity and love of display still held the citadel of her heart.

"I only wear it to please papa," she thought, tearfully and rebelliously, "and not because I want to wear it or think that I ought to. I've heard that virtue brings its own reward, and the reflection that you have done right is more pleasurable than to have your own way; but I know that's not so, for I am perfectly wretched, and won't have a bit of pleasure in wearing the high dress. Besides, my eyes will be swollen and my nose will be red, and I'll look fear-

fully ugly,—I think papa ought to know better. Oh dear, I do wish as long as it's right for us to honor our parents and do as they want us to do, that they could be born when we are, so they could see things the same way, and have a little sense about things, instead of making us wretched by their cranky, old-fashioned notions."

But when, her toilet completed, she swept into her father's presence, and saw the expression of pleased surprise and undeniable admiration in his loving eyes as he bent his tall form to kiss her, and say, "Thank you, my daughter," she felt that virtue did reward her adherents a little; and later on, as she threw aside her rich wrap of soft white silk and glittering fringes before the mirror in Mrs. Hilgard's dressing-room, and contemplated the vision of loveliness that confronted her, she was fain to admit that, though the reflection that she had done a virtuous action brought her no reward, the reflection in the mirror did.

Her fears with regard to swollen eyes and red nose were entirely groundless; and what she lost by having her lovely arms and shoulders concealed was more than atoned for by the distinction and elegance of her rich and tasteful dress. At least, so thought one admirer, destined to play the role of leading gentleman in the drama of her life, for the instant his glance fell upon her he sought his hostess, and begged to be presented; and his attentions were so marked and constant that they culminated, ten months later, in an offer of a diamond engagement-ring, himself, and all the devotion, honor, respect, and reverence that a good man gives to a woman he loves, for her acceptance of ring and lover naturally ended in a lovely procession of white-robed, flower-decked maidens up a broad church aisle, to the sound of the wedding march from *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and brings us to the honeymoon.

"Allan, what made you fall in love with me?" Nellie asked her husband during one of these honeymoon days.

"That's a leading question," he answered laughingly. "But I believe, darling, I fell in love with you because love is still lord of all, and I couldn't help it."

"Don't you sometimes wish you hadn't?"

"That's a yet more startling question; but to give you a truthful answer, I must promptly and decidedly assert that up to date I have had no reason to wish anything of the sort. Now it's my turn to ask questions," he said, a certain gravity in voice and manner, as he seated himself beside her and encircled her waist with his arms.

"Why did you ask me that, Nellie? You know it's no good form to make love to one's wife—in public I mean, dear, and in these touring days we live a good deal in public; but when we go to housekeeping we'll have all the luxuries of the season, including love-making in the most pronounced style."

"It isn't that, but—" Nellie hesitated and looked up in his face somewhat wistfully.

"It isn't that, but—I think it is, Nellie, else why did you ask me if I regretted falling in love with you? If you feel, my wife, that I have fallen in love like devotion in these early days of our marriage, it is because you have not taken sufficiently into consideration the fact that you were your father's only child, and used to so much petting and caressing that I, perhaps, seem cold in comparison; but, my darling, you are the first woman, and it is needless to add, the last and only one, of whom I ever entertained a thought in connection with love and marriage; and as to regretting I fell in love with you—it would not be possible for my lips to utter all the love my heart holds for you."

"I know you love me, Allan—that is, now—"

"And always!" her husband interrupted promptly, and emphasized his declaration with a kiss.

"I mean why did you fall in love with me when there were so many better and prettier women than I am?"

"There may be better women in the world, Nellie—I don't doubt there are—but you are good enough for me; and I am more *eigant* in regard to beauty of soul than to personal charms in women—especially in the woman who is my wife."

"Do you think I am pretty?" Nellie asked with fond coquetry.

"Your beauty is evident to all eyes, and requires no praise from me."

"But my goodness is not so evident. Well, Allan, I know you are right about that, but I am going to improve. I often feel like a hypocrite when you and papa praise me for things I don't deserve to be praised for."

"Well, you may not be perfection, but you suit us."

"There's Ellen Scott; she is so good. Why didn't you fall in love with her, as you admire good women so much?" Nellie asked, thoughtfully and reflectively.

"Because I fell in love with you."

"And Marian French—she is both good and beautiful; why didn't you fall in love with her?" Nellie proceeded, checking off the most formidable of her ante-nuptial rivals on her fingers.

"Because I fell in love with you."

"Or Alice Tillman; she's not so angelic, but then she's a perfect beauty, and oh, she did look so lovely that night at Mrs. Hilgard's where I first met you—you do you remember?"

## MY SENORITA.

One bright spring morning in 187—, when the diligencia rolled out of Toboso, I found myself the only passenger.

I had a ride of forty miles before me to the City of Mexico, and the prospect of making the trip alone did not suit me. The driver of the diligencia, one Gil Perez, had a villainous face, a face suggestive of treason, strategems, and spoils, and every time it was turned in my direction I instinctively felt under the seat to see if my valise was still there.

My valise was fully worthy of this attention on my part. It contained \$10,000 in gold, the result of my collecting trip to Toboso, undertaken in the interest of a wealthy American client at the Capital.

The interior of the vehicle was capable of accommodating six or eight persons, and I longed for a fellow-passenger.

We had not left the outskirts of the town fairly behind us, when the lumbering old coach was brought to a sudden standstill, the four horses throwing themselves into a line across the road, with the evident intention of taking to the woods.

"Carajo!" howled Gil Perez from his lofty perch as he gave his whip a vicious crack. "Thou devil of a Sancho, I will cut out thy heart and liver; and as for thee, Perdita, I will flay thee alive!"

I laughed. When the driver talked in this fashion to the beasts he was in a good humor. His lusty oaths and frightful threats counted for nothing.

The cause of our halt was soon explained. Two young women had signaled Gil Perez to stop. One of them was immediately bundled into the vehicle by her companion and the driver. It seemed to me that some bird of the tropics, with an overpowering gild of gorgeous plumage, had swooped down upon me, and I naturally looked out of the window until I could think of something to say.

It struck me that the new passenger's maid, for such the young woman outside appeared to be, was a very picturesque affair. She had a rich complexion, with fine black eyes, and her hair, arranged in a long, glossy plait, hung down nearly to her heels. Her head, neck and shoulders were perfectly bare, and her only garments were a loose-fitting white cotton tunic and a petticoat of red and blue reaching to her knees. She gave me a saucy look, and kissed her hand to her mistress, keeping up a lively chatter all the time.

After the driver had stowed away the light baggage of the senorita, as he called her, and a parting adios had been exchanged between the lady and the air-kissing young woman who was to be left behind, the diligencia started, and was soon rumbling on its way.

Under the circumstances it was impossible for me to go on looking at the landscape forever. It was clearly my duty to make myself agreeable to the senorita.

The task did not appear at all unpleasant to me after I had furtively surveyed the situation out of the tail of my eye. If an excuse for opening a conversation had been lacking, Gil Perez was polite enough to supply it.

"The senor will be delighted to know," he said, with a flourish; "that the senorita will honor us with her company all the way to the city."

I managed in rather crippled Spanish to express my almost delirious pleasure, and wound up by saying that I had been in a state of utter gloom and despair over my solitary journey.

To my surprise the senorita replied in excellent English, and said that she overjoyed to have an American for a fellow-traveler.

"I like the Americans," she said, "they are, what you call it? Nice, I think, is the word. Yes, they are so nice."

"Talks like one of our boarding-school misses," I said to myself, and then I made some suitable reply.

There was no question about it. The senorita was pretty. Tall as a daughter of the gods, with midnight hair and eyes, harmonizing well with her brunette complexion, she was what I called, impressed as I was by her costume, a blazing beauty. She was not dressed for traveling, but perhaps she considered a ride of forty miles a mere trifle.

She was attired after the fashion of the senoritas I had seen promenade in the parks at the Capital. Her hair was studded with flashing gems, and her dress was of some almost diaphanous material that seemed to gleam and shimmer with the prismatic hues of the rainbow. She wore the inevitable black lace mantilla which ladies are seldom seen without in Spanish-American countries, but if it was intended to effectually conceal her snowy shoulders it was a lamentable failure as a disguise; as much so as the V-shaped bodice which was so liberally cut that I found myself softly quoting:

On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
Which Jews might kiss and infidels adore.

My fair companion was not long in telling me that she was returning from a brief visit to a sick relative. Beyond that she had little to reveal about herself. But she did not scruple to ask any number of questions. Did I like Mexico? Was I travelling for business or pleasure? What did I think of Mexican ladies?

I answered all the questions, as I lazily and complacently watched the fluttering fan with which this beautiful creature appeared to do at least half of her conversation. In fact, I grew unnecessarily communicative. I mentioned my visit to Toboso, and told of my success in collecting an old debt for which I was to receive a good fee.

"And the senor is not afraid of robbers?" hinted the senorita.

"Well, certainly not in the daytime," I replied. "I have a good seven-shooter, and with the driver to help me I ought to be able to hold my own."

"We did not suffer for topics of conversation; but this girl, for she was nothing more than a girl, made such a pretty picture in her strange costume that I found sufficient entertainment in looking at her. I was just beginning to admit to myself that I was madly in love with her, when the diligencia gave a lurch, and came to a full stop in a dark and thickly-wooded place through which we were passing."

"El Tornado!" shouted Gil Perez. "Merciful saints!" cried the senorita. I felt an uneasy thrill. El Tornado was the bravest and most desperate brigand in that region. He had a short time before kidnapped a wealthy banker, and in default of a ransom had with his own hand blown out the prisoner's brains.

"Quick! My pistol!" I exclaimed. But a mysterious change had come over the senorita. Before the words were out of my mouth she had the weapon at full cock leveled at my head.

"Senor Americano," she said, "it is useless to resist. See!"



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